

# COMMENCEMENT ORATION\*

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY, '78

*Mr. President, Members of the Faculties, Fellow-Alumni, Students of the Graduating Class:*

The opportunity of addressing you on this memorable occasion is the greatest honor and the profoundest pleasure of my life. Thirty-four years have elapsed since first it was my privilege to enter these halls; thirty-four years since first I came under the discipline of teachers, the best that I have ever known, and under the gracious influence of my President and yours, an inspiration for my life. In all these years, I have never ceased though now for a score of them the adopted son of another state, and citizen of another university (whose greetings I bear to you, today),—in all these years, I have never ceased to be grateful to the President, the Faculty, the University, the State which so generously provided for me

the inestimable blessing of education; set my unsteady feet in the path of learning, that is Truth.

Was the world of learning ever better worth preparing for?—Why is it, then, that from every university in the land, and from every serious journal, there goes up the cry: “Our young people were never more indifferent.”

How many nights a week does the student spend in pursuits non-academic; how great a proportion of the days? What with so-called “college activities,” by which he must prove his allegiance to the university, and social functions by which he must recreate his jaded soul, he has no margin left for the one and only college activity which is study. Class meetings, business meetings, committee meetings, editorial meetings, football rallies, baseball rallies, pyjama rallies, vicarious athletics on the bleachers, garrulous athletics in dining room and parlor and on the porch, rehearsals of the glee club, rehearsals of the mandolin club and of the banjo, rehearsals for dramatics (a word to stand the hair on end), college dances and class banquets, fraternity dances and

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suppers, preparations for the dances and banquets, more committees for the preparations; a running up and down the campus for ephemeral items, for ephemeral articles in ephemeral papers, a soliciting of advertisements, a running up and down for subscriptions to the dances and the dinners, and the papers and the clubs; a running up and down in college politics, making tickets, pulling wires, adjusting combinations, canvassing for votes,—canvassing the girls for votes, spending hours at sorority houses for votes,—spending hours at sorority houses for sentiment; talking rubbish unceasingly,—thinking rubbish, re-vamping rubbish,—rubbish about high jinks, rubbish about low, rubbish about rallies, rubbish about pseudo-civic honor, rubbish about girls—what margin of leisure is left for the one activity of the college, which is study?

A foreigner attending, in an American university, an assembly of student speakers, will be justified in concluding that the university exists for nothing but so-called "student activities." The real purpose of the university will not be mentioned, for usually our undergraduate lives two lives—distinct; one utterly non-academic. The non-academic is the real; the scholarly an encroachment. The student who regards the scholarly as paramount is deficient in "allegiance to his university."

Athletics which should play a necessary part in the physical and therefore spiritual, development of all students, is relegated to ten per cent. of the students. The rest assist—on the bleachers. The ninety per cent. are killing two birds with one stone. They are taking second-hand exercise; and by their grotesque and infantile applause, they are displaying what they call their loyalty.

Those *noctes coenaeque deum* of history and poetry and philosophical discourse, to the memory of which the

older generation reverts with rapture, have faded in this light of common day. In the hurry of mundane pursuit the student rarely halts to read, rarely to consider; more rarely still does he discuss the concerns of the larger life.

The fact is that in student esteem East and West, social standing means no such thing. It means the position achieved by prominence in non-academic or "campus" activities. And in student esteem such prominence cuts a far more important figure than that of either wealth or scholarship. Such prominence has been gaining ground for fifteen years. So long as the social pressure of the university is toward mundane pursuits, it will be vain to expect the student to achieve distinction in that for which the university stands.

This false standard of prominence, with its feigned allegiance to the interests of the university, has produced that class of student which, adapting from the *Jungle Book*, I call the "Bandar-log."

"The Bandar-logs called the place their city, and pretended to despise the Jungle People because they lived in the forest. And yet they never knew what the buildings were made for nor how to use them. They would sit in circles in the hall of the King's council chamber and scratch for fleas and pretend to be men; or they would run in and out of the roofless houses and collect pieces of plaster and old bricks in the corner and forget where they had hidden them, and fight and cry in scuffling crowds, and then break off to play up and down the terraces of the king's garden, where they would shake the rose trees and the oranges in sport to see the fruit and flowers fall."

The Bandar-log is with us. Busy to no purpose, imitative, aimless; boastful but unreliable; inquisitive but quickly losing his interest; fitful, inconsequential, platitudinous, forget-



ful; noisy, sudden, ineffectual.—The Bandar-log must go.

It was with no ordinary degree of satisfaction that after I had written these paragraphs, I read in the *University of Michigan News-Letter* of June 1st, that my own Alma Mater, and yours, which so often under this wise administration has headed the advance of American universities, has now headed the reform. It has restrained the license of non-academic pursuits. This wise restriction, somewhat such as obtains at West Point, will undoubtedly produce salutary results. The Mother of State Universities has reasserted the dignity of scholarship.

Because it is the spirit of this University to prove the things that are new, to hold fast that which is good; to face abuses boldly and to reform them;—because I am a son of this University, and have grown, in her teaching, to regard the evil as transitory and abuses as remediable, I have ventured, today, when we are gathered about the hearth in our own home, to speak, not with the pride of learning, but simply, as a son before his mother, or as a brother with brothers,—and with that frankness which is liable among strangers to be misconstrued, of some of the vagaries of education at the present time, and of the reasons for their existence, with the assurance that in the recognition of the cause is to be found the means of cure.

Another class also of students makes, though unconsciously, for the wane of general scholarship: the vocational class. It is not futile like the Bandar-log, but earnest, and with a definite end in view. Still, unwisely guided to premature choice of a profession, it not only misses the liberal equipment necessary for the ultimate mastery of life, but indirectly diverts the general scope of education from its true ideals.

In one of his odes, Pindar, lauding

the older times when the Muse had not learned to work for hire, breaks off "but now she biddeth us observe the saying of the Man of Argos, 'money, money, maketh man'." William of Wykeham, speaking of conduct, used to say, "Manners maketh man": not so the Man of Argos, but "Worldly Success," "Money." The Man of Argos is not of the professional schools only; he is of the graduate school of research at times, and of the academic undergraduate body as well.

The Bandar-log and the Argive retard the advance of scholarship today; and not the university alone is responsible for their development, but the elementary school.

#### "THE STAGGERS AND THE CARELESS LAPSE"

Only too frequently the boy enters our colleges, even of Liberal Culture, "a badly damaged article"; one-sidedly prepared or not prepared at all, he goes through college accumulating courses, but not accumulating information or drill.

If these imperfections hold true of our graduates of literary departments,—they hold, so far as elementary culture is concerned, even more frequently true of our vocational students. Yet, the representatives of science must speak, must write, must communicate, expound, convince, persuade—they are working for and with men. To them the humanities are not, by necessity or immutable decree, alien.

These imperfections are by no means characteristic of immature graduates alone. Our Ph.D's are occasionally guilty of errors in the use of their own tongue. Of the later crop of instructors in universities, some say "he don't" and "hospit' able, luckrative, exqui' site, and minerology; others never fail, they "fall down"; they never win, they "win out." They are never at a loss, though they are



frequently "up against it." When they lecture in plain clothes, the outcome is a dis' course, when in a dinner jacket, an ad' dress.

THE ADVANCE OF DEMOCRACY; AND  
THE IDOLS OF THE TRIBE.

The Bandar-log and that vocational specialist, the Man of Argos, are the product of conditions: the advance of democracy and the bewilderment of education. Since the latter condition reflects demands presented by the former, it is in contemporary make-shifts of education that we shall find the ultimate cause of woe.

The demands of democracy are not a matter to scold about; they are a condition to face. Democracy has arrived. It has arrived in education. It has arrived with unlettered zeal and unfettered authority; scornful of tradition, oblivious of difficulties, impatient of delay. It has arrived with its ideal: the greatest happiness for the greatest number. It regards learning as a means, not an end. The means is the practical, the end is the profitable, the immediate, for the greatest number.

With these pre-conceptions, democracy has arrived. The old culture cannot supply the schools with teachers. Democracy is supplying its own teachers. They have the flavor of their kind: only too commonly they regard education as a means, not an end. The few who think otherwise, how can they stem the tide?

Roger Bacon, long ago, and after him, Francis, in their quest of truth, perceived that there were four grounds of human error. Of these the first is "the false appearances that are imposed upon us by the general nature of the mind" of man. In this refractory mind of man "the beams of things" do not "reflect according to their true incidence," hence our fundamental superstitions, fallacies which Francis Bacon called the Idols, or delusions, of the Race, or Tribe. In mat-

ters of education the dearest idol of our tribe today is *that the university should reflect the public*. Once our education is joined to this idol, by that I mean accepts this delusion, it accepts all the idols of that Pantheon. It accepts the fallacy that all our sons and daughters are equally gifted and hence that each can profit by the higher education. It accepts the fallacy of numbers. Hence the fallacies of mediocrity, and the lock-step, and utilitarianism and the delusion that the aim of the university is deliberately to make character; whereas character is but a by-product of duty performed; and the duty of the student is to study.

Education accepts also the delusion that the university must be continually figuring in the public eye. Hence, among other things, the amphitheatrical spectacles which have degraded athletics—in itself a most desirable recreation and a moral and physical discipline for every youth.... The university should not adopt the idols of the community; it should set the ideals. There is nothing new in this. No man can have perused from year to year the Annual Reports of the President of this University, and not be aware that every one of these dangers he has foreseen; against them all arrayed the force of his influence. ... Bewildered by the advance of democracy, not only have the universities accepted fallacies of the Tribe, but have attempted to justify their acceptance by further fallacies of their own. These are the idols of the academic Market-place, the academic Theatre, the academic Cave.

The idols of the Market-place are fallacies proceeding from the misconception of words. Since we educators are an imitative race, many of these misconceptions have been fostered or confirmed by the influence of some great name, Rousseau or Froebel, or Jacotot, or another; that is to say, by authority. Consequently, the idols of the Market-place are sometimes also



idols of the Theatre, which is to say of the Lecture-room, or master by whose words we swear. Of idols of the Cave, or of ignorance and conceit, I shall later have something to say.

"He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak, but think as wise men think." From disregard of this counsel, many of our academic fallacies concerning education have arisen. We are involved in questions and differences because we have followed the false appearances of words, instead of setting down in the very beginning the definitions in which as wise men we may concur. In what definition of education is it possible that wise men may concur? All will agree that education is a process. Not that of play, nor yet of work; but an artistic activity. Play meanders pleasantly toward an external end of no significance. Work drives straight for an end beyond that is pleasant because of its worth. The process of art has no end beyond: its end is in itself, and it is pleasurable in its activity because its true activity is a result. From play, the artistic process differs because its end is significant; from work it differs because its end is in its activity, and because its activity possesses the pleasure of worth. It is like religion, a process continually begun and in its incompleteness complete. Its ideal is incapable of temporal fulfilment, but still, in each moment of development, spiritually perfect.

Education, then is an art,—the art of the individual realizing himself as a member of a society whose tabernacle is here, but whose home is a house not built with hands. Education is the process of knowing the best, enjoying the best, producing the best in knowledge, conduct and the arts. Realization, expression of self, is its means and end,—intellectual, social, emotional. It implies faith in a moral

order and eternal process of which it is itself an integral and active part.

It is remarkable with what persistency the race of educators has indulged extremes.

If we exaggerate one of the functions or purposes of education to the neglect of the others our education is no longer an ideal but an idol. . . . The idols of the academic Market-place, today, are the idol of Caprice, the idol of Utility, the idol of Play. To one or all of these misconceptions of education are due the neglected discipline, the imperfect information, the short-sighted practicality of our instruction today. The blame is, by no means, wholly to be laid at the door of the university. It attaches, as I shall soon show, more directly to our system of elementary education. . . . We should not attribute the failure of education in our universities, as some do, to the method of admission by diploma. The fault here lies not in the theory but in its abuse: its abuse by deference to the idols of the Tribe. . . . Nor should the blame be laid entirely at the door of the elective system. It is reasonable and necessary, and was adopted in response to the needs of the time. When it has failed it has failed by undue deference to idols of Caprice and Utility. . . . For in its application the system has been sometimes abused. Partly because, in many universities, there has not been a proper demarcation between the fundamental cultural studies and methods of the first two years, and the more advanced studies, with the methods preparatory to research, of the later years. Because, also, students have not always been sufficiently guided in their choice, by the arrangement and gradation of cognate electives in comprehensive groups. Also because the system has been pushed steadily down through high school, grammar school, primary school, to the kindergarten, where, the climate being unduly congenial, it has gone



completely to seed. The free choice of studies is not for babes and children, nor for most of the teachers of them. From year to year increasingly the schools have provided the university with pupils crammed with sweets of Individual Caprice. Spoiled by such untimely abuse of the elective theory, how can such students profit by the system when they reach the stage where they should first have encountered it? Between the unpreparedness of the student for a liberal education and the sometimes too highly specialized method and interests of his university instructor, the liberal education drops out; or if it is attempted by the instructor of the fine old, well-read and humanly interested type, it is attempted in vain. The school of research is not entirely to blame, nor the professional school; each has its place. In fact, it is frequently in such schools alone, and here I include the undergraduate vocational colleges of engineering and the like, that a thorough disciplinary and informational curriculum is, or can be, pursued. And it is to be remarked that in the vocational school the methods of the old unyielding curriculum are largely retained; and so far as the achievement of their material end is concerned, retained with signal success. But how great the loss, how slender the success compared with what might have been achieved if students had enjoyed in the lower grade the thorough liberal education to which they were entitled before entering upon the vocations of life. How great the loss for lawyer, physician, engineer, captain of industry or of commerce, student of theology,—how great, too, for the specialized Doctor of Philosophy who, though keen in the methods of some science, may never have savored a verse of the classics or gleaned the elements of philosophy or history or art. Their teachers had seduced them to the worship of the idol of Utility or the idol of Caprice.

THE WAGES OF THE IDOLS: "UTILITY"  
AND "CAPRICE"

A generation ago the scientists warred for recognition as educators of youth. They were right and they won. To know the law of the natural world is indispensable to him who would understand aright the law of the social. A fundamental and sympathetic acquaintance with at least one science, such as Physics or Chemistry, is as integral a part of a liberal education, in other words of culture, as a fundamental and sympathetic acquaintance with the humanities. The conflict is no longer between science and culture; for science is a face of culture. The war now is between the ideal of culture and the idol of Utility....

... Education is to enjoy the best and produce the best as well as to know the best. How can one enjoy without knowing; how can one produce in the freedom of self-realization, without enjoying? What was it Fletcher of Saltoun said?—The songs of a nation, the poetry of a nation, the music of a nation, the art of a nation, the history of a nation, the ideals of a nation, aye, and of a world,—these are the joy of life, these the impulse to law and conduct and discovery and creation and patriotism and religion. Without the humanities what man can be educated, what vocation is more than a meal check? What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What were a world without Romance?

"Since spoken word Man's Spirit stirred  
Beyond his belly need,  
What is Thine of fair design  
In thought and craft and deed;  
Each stroke aright of toil and fight,  
That was and that shall be,  
And hope too high, wherefore we die,  
Has birth and worth in Thee."

Especially downtrodden of men is our heritage from antiquity. Man will always be the heir of all the ages. To satisfy him with the heritage of a re-



cent yesterday, the modern languages and literature, modern history and poetry and economics strive in vain. He remains the child of the ages, but a child deprived of his full heritage. —Deprived, by a constructive inhibition in our schools, of the imaginative, moral, and historical training of the Bible, and of the inestimable riches of its literature,—deprived by delusions of Utility and Caprice of ancient history and philosophy, the background of all that is new,—deprived of the classics.

The appreciation of English and of all modern literature depends upon a first-hand acquaintance with Greek and Latin classics. The knowledge of the history of institutions and of art depends upon a knowledge of the classics. A knowledge of philosophy depends upon a knowledge of the classics. Equipment for liberal scholarship of any kind depends upon a knowledge of the classics. No better training in logical processes was ever devised than the philological discipline of the classics, no discipline more thoroughly systematized, more uniform, more definite, more rigorous. No better training in the use of one's own language than translation from the classics. No better school of poetry or of oratory than the classics. No better gallery of lives,—which to contemplate is to know that virtue is its own reward and vice its own penalty. To the abandonment of the classics with their sweet simplicity and their majesty, their orderly restraint and their severe regard, I attribute in no small degree the declining ability to think clearly, to speak and write lucidly, precisely, effectively,—the declining love of noble letters and noble art,—the declining respect for tradition and authority, for the heritage and the faith,—the declining splendor of the ideal. Shall Man, who is the heir of the society of all the ages, have no quiver of historic sense, no glimmer of that liberal art and life

which led his rude forefathers to the enlightenment of civilization?...

The neglect of the humanities is traceable largely to the pedagogical doctrine of the equivalence of studies. This is an idol of Caprice. There is no equivalence of studies in discipline or in informational value for life. The humanities and the sciences, train faculties the same, or different, in different combinations and in different degrees. They impart information that has different values for life, or that is appropriate to different callings in life. To encourage a child to studies because of his vocational anticipation of a career, instead of making him study the things that are fundamental to his complete education, is to worship at once the idols of Utility and Caprice.

But even in the matter of discipline, it is essential that the mental machine be trained to run not in one rut but in the several grooves "of procedure needful in the main division of the world of mind." And of these procedures that which demands mental concentration in the highest degree develops best the ability to grapple mentally and morally with the manifold problems of life. That which is capable, because of long centuries of educational experience, of conveying a discipline most nearly uniform is most to be desired in the training of the youth of a democratic republic. From this point of view we do not surrender the theory of the superiority of the discipline afforded by the humanities. The dictum of one whose words have found ready acceptance, these past thirty years, that "the object of a liberal and a scientific education is fundamentally the same, namely training for power," is one of the most vicious fallacies that ever afflicted education. Power is not the only object; nor is the power the same; nor is the training the same; nor is that other object, knowledge, the same.



One does not of course, base an advocacy of the compulsory study of the humanities on the sole ground of formal discipline, or of their initial distastefulness to many,—though to persevere or to conquer are essential factors in education; but one does most emphatically decline to eliminate from the curriculum the comprehensive knowledge and power which the Humanities convey, in favor of vocational preparation, which is a kind of child labor in disguise, or of education by capricious choice. Against the danger of joining ourselves to such idols as these—the idol of Utility, the idol of Caprice—how often have we not heard the voice of our President raised in timely warning?...

...From the schools the cry is heard, "The universities require too much already." "How do more than we can?" The universities do not require too much nor so much as, in the near future, they will require. The schools are trying not much but many things. They can do more by trying less. Less number and variety of studies, less dawdling over them, less futile and mortal repetition, less subdivision into arbitrary cabins and compartments and two-inch treads of knowledge, less fear of overtaxing the memory, less coddling of the child, less experimentation with half-fledged theories of pedagogy, and with fads that are the source of laughter to gods and men; less spelling of words without syllables, and of syllables without letters; less baby arithmetic and ten-year-old arithmetic and fifteen-year-old arithmetic. Less partial payments, discounts and calculations on stocks and bonds for budding citizens who do not aspire to Wall Street; less encyclopedic jumble of geography; less literary criticism and more grammar. At least two or three less of the weary repetitions of United States history. Fewer different kinds of effort, in other words, and more

intellectual effort on the part of the child. Some accuracy in something. Less worship of the idol of Caprice.

The waste of time is appalling; and it is chiefly to be traced to our elementary schools...

...From such schools pupils are sent to the high school deficient not only in knowledge but in discipline; and in these new grades further waste of time is consequently inevitable. With proper teaching, three years could be saved of a schoolboy's life by the age of eighteen.

#### A PARENTHESIS OF IDOLS OF THE CAVE

It is the opinion of our most able superintendents of schools that reform is impossible until we have more competent teachers. At present we are chopping wood with a dull axe. But instead of grinding the axe we step aside to chew tobacco and theorize. Teachers, when incompetent, are so principally because they are ignorant. Our theorists are to blame. They try to dissipate the ignorance of teachers, not by teaching them one thing which they shall teach, but by teaching them how to teach all things that they do not know.

I have the profoundest respect for historians and philosophers of education, themselves learned men in special fields, like the late Professors Payne and Hinsdale, and the Hon. William T. Harris, and the heads of educational departments in some of our great universities; but the sciolists who, ignorant of any art or science, dabble in all,—who walk up and down through our schools, prating of the science of education, as if there were yet any such science, and tempting aside the learner from learning what is tried and fast in the subject that he would teach (be it history or Latin or English), to the pursuit of so-called laws, principles, methods, not yet concurred in by the wise, not yet possible to be derived from facts not yet ascertained, still less observed and systematized,—such sciolists do



not command respect. We have sympathy for the poor girl whose instructor in pedagogy advised her to drop Greek and take Ventilation of the School Room. "I came to college to get an education," she replied, "not to get a teacher's certificate." In our graduate curriculum there is a place for the history of education, and for practice in teaching (for though a teacher, like a poet, is born, not made, it must be remembered that the self-made man should try himself on a few times before he is finished);—but the place is not in the undergraduate, still less in the usual so-called "Normal School" course. Most of the methods and theories of the sciolists are fallacies of ignorance or personal conceit—what Bacon calls idols of the Cave. They waste the time of the earnest student; they delude the incompetent into a profession that demands not so much method as scholarship and innate aptitude; and they bewilder the schools with a maze of fallacies and ridiculous fads.

#### THE IDOL OF PLAY.

Play is essential to healthy development. And the capabilities of the individual should be considered in the scheme of education. But play is not a factor in education. To the worship of the idol of play, set up in the academic Market-place, we especially attribute the lapses of mental and moral discipline, the lacunae in information, the indifference to scholarship and duty unfortunately common among our young people today....

Since Froebel began to have statues in our cities, discipline has disappeared out of our schools; the memory, for lack of exercise, is atrophied;—it is a breeder of disease, a tonsil, a vermiform appendix—remains but to cut it out—the child is not "born for the universe" but for himself; not nowadays subject to the common training of his kind, but to his own sweet will. In the kindergarten he learns that

there is no such thing as application, no such word as "must." So with coddling and dawdling and marking time and playing at handicraft he emerges, not merely inert of mind and morals, but pervert.

For the army of noble women in our schools, faithfully serving according to their lights and capabilities, I have the sincerest admiration. They are the natural protectors and instructors of the early childhood of both sexes. But concerning the system which commits the discipline of maturing boys, almost exclusively to the divinely innocent and tender sex, I entertain misgivings, mitigated only by the pathos of the conditions that seem to have rendered the system necessary. From the combination of Froebelism and Feminization—of education by amusement and education by women—I fear that much of our lack of discipline proceeds; much of that which makes for true patriotism. If it be objected that the roots of discipline and hence of patriotism are not in the school but the home, I reply that it is our duty as educators to discipline parents for the home. And discipline is not to bow down to the idol of play.

These, then, are some of the idols to which our American education has temporarily done homage; Idols of the Tribe,—Hasty Achievement, and Popular Esteem; idols of the Market-place and the Theatre,—Caprice, Utility and Play; and the idols of the Cave—fads of Personal Ignorance and Conceit. And from this homage have resulted many of the short-comings of our educational system today.

Can we not squeeze three years of incompetency and irrelevancy out of our common schools? The pupil of fifteen will then be where the pupil of eighteen now is. And the pupil of eighteen, having begun Latin when he was ten and Greek when he was twelve, will enter college not only thoroughly drilled in them, but with



English and another modern language, with mathematics, history and a science to his credit besides. He will be as far advanced as our Junior now is. He can take his B.A. or B.S. at twenty-one, and his Ph.D. or his professional or technical advanced degree at twenty-three or four—with a liberal education as the basis of all.

This being the main educational course, can we not have further differentiation in the schools; and bridges from the academic to the vocational at appropriate intervals? So that the lad who is adapted for, or compelled to, the industries or the lower vocational walks in life, may at various ages, begin to prepare himself definitely for a career none the less useful that it is not directoral?

May we not encourage our best high schools to take over immediately the first two years of work now covered by our colleges? So doing we shall multiply centres of academic learning for an uplift to their communities and the state.

Let us with a higher grade of freshmen entering our universities insist that scholarship shall be supreme; and let us encourage intellectual emulation by publicity of rewards and of responsibilities. So doing we shall offset the popularity of merely sedentary athletics; we shall offset the hysteria of athletic notoriety. As to the extravagance incident upon gladiatorial combats—the *ludi maximi*; let us abolish gate receipts, and trust to our alumni for such pecuniary subvention as may be requisite for the maintenance of clean and healthy sport.

Let us make more of our alumni. Let them feel that they are not merely absent children or children home on a visit, but always active sons and daughters of the Alma Mater. They are her apostles *in partibus infidelium*. They spread her reputation, they guard it jealously. They best can educate democracy to her ideals. Let

us cooperate with our alumni. Let us, also, give them more to do, here with us at home; an active cooperation, as of citizens, in the larger policies of the University.

Let us develop at once the student's responsibility and the instructor's efficiency by supplementing our present examinations on discontinuous courses by examinations upon subjects,—each *subject* more comprehensive than any subsidiary course or courses. Let us do away with the "snap" and the "snap professor," by entrusting these subject-examinations to independent commissions of specialists. And let us, further, distinguish between "pass" men and "honor" men; but let the work of both, somewhat after the method of Oxford and Cambridge, be principally directed toward, and tested by, intermediate and final examinations upon subjects, as indicated already. So doing we shall not only enhance scholarship but relegate campus activities to an existence which, while inconspicuous, will offer opportunity for genuine self-sacrifice to their supporters.

Let our fraternities revive the policy of choosing, once in a while, members for promise of scholarship, and let them found, for their own members, graduate fellowships with residence in the fraternity house. Such fellowships will not only elevate the standard of the fraternity itself, they will constitute a first step toward the realization of the English system of colleges within the university.

Above all, let us, instructors, do our duty! In one of Frank Norris' novels there is a sailing master who fears that his captain having failed to reach the Pole, will take to writing books and lecturing. "I wouldn't be so main sorry," says the broken-hearted tar to the heroine, "I wouldn't be so main sorry that he won't reach the Pole, as that he quit trying.... The danger don't figure; what he'd have to go through with don't figure; nothing in



the world don't figure; it's his work; God A'mighty cut him out for that, and he's got to do it. Ain't you got any influence with him, Miss? Won't you talk good talk to him? Don't let him chuck; don't let him get soft. Make him be a Man and not a Professor."

Let us be Men. Let us sternly keep undesirables out of the University; let us bravely eject those that slip in. Let us at once eliminate the obsolete features, and combine the best of the admission by examination and the admission by accrediting. Let us elevate the standard of requirement in the University even for "pass" men; and let us say to the Bandar-log, "You may swing by your tail if you will, when you're not in the Palace; but if you don't come down now and find out what the Palace is for, and do it, you shall go back to the Jungle and swing by your tail forever." Let us cultivate closer personal relations with our young men that they may be neither Bandar-logs nor utilitarian Men of Argos: That their youth may not be "a blunder, their manhood a vain struggle, their old age a regret." Let us be none the less learned, but, for our young men let us not be merely specialists. Let us be Men. Let us pay less attention to mechanism and more to teaching, inspiring, humanizing. Our remedies lie in ourselves. And even though this generation of students and of teachers may have failed of the ideal, we shall have the consolation of knowing that this generation is better, that it has sought an education; and that the next will be better still, immeasurably better prepared to avail itself of the glorious opportunities of the New World of Learning—the world of learning whose panorama is unrolled by this University, in order that her sons may

explore. You, children with me, of a generous mother, thank her that she has pointed you to the Pole. You may not reach it; but don't quit trying. The danger does not figure; it is your *work*. God Almighty has cut you out for it. Quit yourselves like men!

#### EPILOGUE.

More than one professor who is a Man you have known in the Faculty of this University. But one such Man in especial—our President,—the University has for thirty-nine years, admired, revered. To him today, when of his own choice he purposes for the last time, to confer the degrees of this University,—to him we would proffer the insufficient tribute of our especial honor. To his wisdom, to his coöperation with the wisdom of his colleagues, to his confidence in the generosity of this wonderful state and his masterly coöperation with those who guide her destinies; to his ardent soul, his burning thought and kindling eloquence, his faith that right will blossom and the times uncouth amend, to his high ideal and his firm controlling hand we owe what is characteristic in this majestic seat of learning today: its freedom from prejudice, its conservative liberalism, its hospitality to ideas, its cheerful outlook upon life, its devotion to religion, morality and knowledge. His name is upon our lips, his life is in our hearts; we not only revere, we love him; and each of us will treasure unto death the privilege of having known him.

"He who bears his honors lightly,

And whose age renews its zest—

Lo, the maple snowed upon, is sightly,

And its sap runs best..."

"Honor to him, peace unto him, pointing us the way above,

Love unto him, long life to him, whom no love of life can move.

Leading us the way of duty in the freedom that is love."